

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Gadsden, A., with a population of 3,500, has sixteen lawyers, ten preachers and nine doctors.

—When Colonel Sellers is asked if he sings, he frankly replies: "Well, those who have heard me say I do not."

—Principal Dawson, of McGill University, at Montreal, who is not without honor in his country, was presented with an address and \$5,000, when he left home for a year in Europe.

—Mrs. Esther J. Bates, although eighty-three years of age, rendered efficient aid in bringing water to save a house from destruction by a swamp fire in Cohasset, Mass., recently.—*Boston Post.*

—Mrs. J. W. Lent, frightened by a drowning scene in a theater in Oakland, Cal., fainted and then broke out in a violent perspiration. They took her home and she caught cold and soon died of pneumonia.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—An official high up in the railroad world wrote to Charles Wyndham for his autograph. The comedian sent back this epigram: "Railways in their way are autocrats. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—General Crook is now living at Fort Whipple, near Prescott, A. T. His home is a pleasant roomy house of two stories, surrounded by piazzas, and commanding a fine view of hill and valley. The Indians of the section call him "The Gray Fox."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Jonathan C. Bowles, who recently died poor and friendless in the Cleveland (O.) City Infirmary, at the age of seventy-five years, was twice worth \$100,000, it is said, and lost both fortunes in real estate speculations. Among his few effects was found a copy of Will Carleton's poem, "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—David Hinkley, of LaGrange, drove from that place to Dexter, stopped over night, and drove from there to Livermore Falls, a distance of about sixty miles, in one day. What makes this remarkable is that the old gentleman is over ninety years of age. He went to visit a brother two years his senior. After visiting about a week he drove from Augusta to Dexter in a day, and seemed none the worse for his journey.—*Leicester (Me.) Journal.*

—Rev. Frederick Freeman, known as the Historian of Cape Cod, who died recently at his home in Sandwich, Mass., at the age of eighty-four years, was the thirteenth child of twenty children of the late Brigadier General Nathaniel Freeman, and was himself the father of twelve children. He was the author of two large volumes of "The History of Cape Cod, or the Annals of Barnstable County," which came out in successive numbers between 1858 and 1862. He is also the author of other works.—*N. Y. Post.*

## "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—An Oxford student defines flirtation to be "attention without intention."

—A laughing "stock"—the collar of our great grand-daddies.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

—An outsider refers to the failure of the New England leather firms as a financial distress in "upper" circles. He deserves a "welt" for that.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Mamie says you can't come to see her any more," said a boy to his sister's admirer. "Why not?" "Because you come to see her seven nights a week now, and how could you come any more?" Silence was the only answer.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"On the return of the Cottage Hill fishing party the high-school girl remarked to her mother, 'Now prepare for piscatorial exaggerations.' "Yes," replied the old lady, "I made Bridget King in the clothes an hour ago, for I thought it looked like rain."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—"Lend me five dollars, Joe?" "Can't do it; in fact, I am just going over to try to borrow five dollars from the doctor." "Well, then, you might as well make it ten dollars and I'll take five dollars of it. It will make it easier to pay, you know, if it is divided up between us."—*Newark Call.*

—For soup—"I'm now in the height of the season, said the elevator man; And when asked to give his reason, The inquirer he did scan, As he sighed, Like a monk in a cloister, And replied: Because I'm a 'hoister'."—*N. Y. Journal.*

—A dandy on Pecano plantation not long since was much tried by the obstinacy of a mule. After much urging and kindness toward the brute he broke out with: "Look hyer, now! mebbey you think 'cause I jined the church last Sunday that I can't use big words, but I'll hab you know I'm gwine to make a 'ception in your special case.'"

—Willing to come down.—A resident on Woodward Avenue who had advertised for a man to take care of his horses had an application from a colored man who seemed fitted for the position, and a bargain was made. As the new employee was backing out of the office the gentleman said: "Oh, by the way, what name shall I call you by?" "Well, sah, my letters am generally directed to do Hon. Boswell Green, but Ize perfectly willin' you should call me Mr. Green when you has occasion to 'dress me.'"  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

—For the last fortnight a band of seven or eight Bohemian musicians have been discoursing music from their horns and taking up street collections. Yesterday morning they were up on Cass avenue, and as they finished playing a tune in front of a residence the owner came out on the steps and said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for this testimonial of respect. It has always been—" At this juncture a chamber window was opened and the wife looked out and called: "Husband, don't you know anything? That's a street band playing for money." "Ah! eh! Well, they don't get a cent out of me—not one blessed copper!" growled the statesman as he backed out of sight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A colored girl of Atlanta, Ga., was knocked over by an engine, but quite unhurt she sprang to her feet, and said to the engineer: "You has a mighty heap ob politeness to treat a lady dat way."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## The Jurymen and the Coffin.

The Birmingham (Eng.) *Daily Mail* reports a tragic-comic scene which occurred at the holding of an inquest upon the body of an inmate of the borough jail who had died from small-pox. It may not be generally known that a coroner is bound to hold an inquest on the body of any prisoner who may die in one of her Majesty's prisons, no matter how evident the real cause of death may be. The statute is of course a very necessary one, but yesterday it entailed on the jurymen who had been subpoenaed the very undesirable duty of viewing the body. The Deputy Coroner (Mr. Weekes), had, from motives which require no explanation, kept the fact from his jurymen till he had got them comfortably and securely within the court, and then he unfolded it to them. The bare statement that they were to hold an inquest on a small-pox case was enough; four or five of them required no further particulars to make up their minds that they would not view the body. No, they would not for all the coroners in the kingdom; they did not care what precautions had been taken. Persuasion having failed to convince these obstinate few, Mr. Weekes was compelled to read to them, in a very sepulchral and solemn tone, the penalties which the law prescribed for such cases. Discontent was not, however, stifled, as was evidenced by the lowering brows and low mutterings of the fourteen good men and true who had been empaneled, and the Coroner told them he would allow them to smoke, drink, or take any other means they chose of avoiding the infection. This seemed to soothe them, and Sergeant Gosling marched his little army down stairs to their long funeral vehicle, with the supposition that they had all been thoroughly broken in. Going down stairs, however, one thirsty soul suggested that they would have the drinks then; and another, a lover of the noxious weed, no doubt, took up the hint and talked about cigars. When they got into the street they rushed pell mell for tobacco and liquor. One poor teetotaler and non-smoker was in a sad way. What was he to do? "Brandy and soda," said one facetious colleague; "Black Jack," said another. On medicinal grounds, this abstemious individual at length brought himself to imbibe a glass of very weak whisky and water, but he could not brace himself up to the task of smoking even a Pickwick; he dreaded sickness. It was quite a quarter of an hour before all these dutiful citizens had provided themselves sufficiently with liquor and ballasted themselves with an equivalent stock of smoking material to face the perils before them, and the worst smoking carriage on any railway in the kingdom would have paled its ineffectual fires before the furnaces which glowed and puffed in the "Coroner's van." And after all it was found that, as Mr. Weekes had told them, there was nothing to fear. All the jury had to do was to keep a respectful distance from an air-tight coffin in the yard, with a piece of glass at the end of the lid to disclose the face of the corpse.

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## Curious Recovery of Eye-Sight.

Captain Sam S. Thompson, the popular young Captain of the Birmingham Rifles, who visited Mobile during the encampment of the Second Regiment, will be remembered by many citizens. No one of the many who made his acquaintance here imagined that one of his clear blue eyes was perfectly blind, yet such was indeed the fact. A stranger fact than this remains to be told. About seven years ago Captain Thompson, who is the pattern-maker at the Lynn Iron Works, Birmingham, received a blow on the left eye, which thoroughly destroyed the sight of that orb, although it did not change its outward appearance. Last Thursday, while at work, Captain Thompson noticed that he involuntarily shrank or dodged as he moved past objects on his left-hand side. This was a novel experience, and he wondered why he should be so peculiarly nervous. Presently, however, he had occasion to place his hand to his right eye to rub some dust from it. At length the truth of his case was revealed to him, for he discovered as he closed his right eye that the old-time darkness did not surround him. He could see with the eye which had been totally blind for seven years. The sight is not as perfect as that of the right, but sufficiently clear to distinguish objects even at some distance, although not distinctly. In regard to this phenomenon the physicians of Birmingham say that the sight was obscured by a coagulated particle of blood under the iris, which has at length dissolved. The sight will doubtless continue to improve.—*Mobile (Ala.) Register.*

## A Cowboy on Cattle-Raising.

The Denver *Tribune* has an interesting interview with an intelligent "cowboy" on the business of cattle-raising. According to him there is an aristocratic and a plebeian element among the cattle men of the plains. These two classes are those who own cowherds and those who have nothing but steers. The former are the smaller investors and the latter the wealthy stockmen. The latter buy the yearlings from the cowherds and graze them until they become beeves, when they sell them to the various buyers, topping out to the finest for the Eastern and foreign markets and sending the tailings in to us at the same price. The system of monopolizing the beef cattle in the hands of the heavy capitalists is what is now keeping up the price of beef, although some of the stockmen do not know it themselves and have only adopted the system to avoid being bothered with cows. The shipment of beef to England has become a large factor. In the last three years there has been such a heavy investment of Scotch and English capital that it is a fact that three-fourths of the cattle interest of Texas, Colorado and Wyoming is now owned and controlled by it. The ranges are being gradually encroached upon, as they were in Texas, and are becoming more crowded every year, while the market for the product is extending every year. Cattle that sold in 1880 for \$22 a head are now worth \$30, with the prospect that the price will go up instead of down.

—John Goekel, of Baltimore, Md., sneezed so hard as to dislocate his arm at the shoulder.

## Curiosities of Manitoba.

There are various points of historic interest around the city that the casual visitor seldom sees or knows anything about. Fort Rouge, across the Assiniboine, is the site of the old red fort, built as far back as 1734 by Le Verandrye, the intrepid explorer of the Northwest, and from which the Red River subsequently got its name. Silver Heights, a few miles to the west of the city, is the favorite resort of distinguished tourists to drive to and dine. Bird's Hill, about the same distance to the east, was the refuge of the Selkirk settlers during the great flood of 1826. Seven Oaks, on the suburbs, is where a desperate battle was fought in 1812 between the trappers of the great fur trading companies. But Stony Mountain, ten miles to the north, is the happy hunting ground for picnics and all sorts of pleasure parties from the city. Be it remembered that a mountain in Manitoba simply means any kind of elevation above the surrounding prairie, and Stony Mountain is only about two hundred feet in height. It is shaped like a mammoth horseshoe, with a gradual ascent from the two arms to the rounded ridge in front, where it terminates abruptly in a perpendicular bluff. The material is fossiliferous limestone of the finest grade, and laminated into layers of every thickness from an inch to four feet. Boulders of every size and shape are scattered all over the surface. The depth of the ledge has never been ascertained yet.

The Provincial Penitentiary is built on it, which is also used as an asylum for the insane till a separate place can be put up. There is no wall around it, no sentry, no guard, except two brass field-pieces within a small stockade on the hill, but it is rarely indeed that any one gets away, though most of the convicts and light-headed fellows are allowed to work in the brick-yards half a mile away. The keeper had a menagerie of all the wild animals of the Northwest, but only a few bears and buffalo hybrids are left, the latter a cross between a cow and a bison. They are very rare and beautiful, brown and brindle in color, with long wavy hair. It is a wonder Barnum has not captured them. The next curiosity is a large oval stone, perfectly smooth, that a farmer used for many years as a threshing floor, and a capital floor it made, too. Then comes the cave in the side of the hill, where innumerable Indians were buried, but some years ago the rock crumbled to pieces, and covered the entrance to it completely. It is well worth excavating. The Indians made another use of the mountain in the olden time. They drove large herds of buffalo up between the two arms of it and forced them to leap over the steep precipice in front, breaking their necks by the fall. Their bones may still be seen there. The ground at this time of the year is thickly covered with all kinds of flowers that grow naturally on the mountain, which gives it the appearance of a grand old neglected garden.—*Winnipeg Cor. N. Y. Graphic.*

## Rembrandt and His Works.

The execution of the pictures of Rembrandt is marvelous. He painted some very ugly, and even vulgar pictures; he disregarded all rules of costume and of the fitness of things in many ways; he parodied many ideal subjects, and he painted scenes from Scripture history in which he put the exact portraits of the coarse and common people about him. But, in spite of all these faults, his simplicity, truthfulness, and earnestness make his pictures masterpieces, and we can not turn away from them carelessly; they attract and hold us.

Rembrandt's style was not always the same. Before 1633 he preferred the open daylight, in which everything was distinctly seen, and his flesh tones were warm and clear; after that time, he preferred the light which breaks over certain objects and leaves the rest in shade, while his touch became very spirited, and his flesh tones were so golden that they were less natural than before.

The works of Rembrandt are so numerous and so important that one can not speak justly of them in our present space. His pictures number about six hundred and his engravings about four hundred, and these embrace not only many subjects, but many variations of these subjects. The chief picture of his earliest manner is the "Anatomical Lecture," now in the Gallery of the Hague.

Rembrandt painted but few pictures from profane history, and his landscapes are rare, but the few that exist are worthy of so great a master, and one who so loved everything that God has spread out before us in nature. His scenes from common life are beyond criticism, but sometimes his picturing of repulsive things makes us turn away, though we must admire the power with which they are painted. His portraits were of the highest order, and very numerous; no other artist ever made so many portraits of himself, and in them he is seen from the days of youthful hope to ripened age.—*Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas.*

## Refuse of the Newfoundland Cod Fishery.

Mr. Segrave, British Consul at Nankees, notes the curious fact that the prosperity of the important sardine fisheries on the west coasts of France is due in no light degree to merely incidental causes occurring at a distance of at least miles across the Atlantic ocean. It is calculated that an average of 30,000 tons of refuse from the cod fishery is annually thrown into the sea by fishermen off the Newfoundland and North American coast, and generally at that period when the prevailing winds are from the northwest and blowing with their greatest violence. The wind tends to cause a deviation in the current of the Gulf Stream, and to force the great northeastern branch to flow toward the coast of France, carrying with it a vast amount of the refuse from the cod fishery.

It is the presence of this matter on the French coast which is the cause of the collection of quantities of fish of different kinds, whose spawn helps to supply the sardine with food, and with the floating oily gelatinous substances which are equally indispensable.—*London News.*

—The reason advanced by Henry L. Taylor, of Belair, Md., for asking for a divorce is that his wife will not let him read the Bible.—*Baltimore Sun.*

## A Silent Partner.

The citizenship of not a few men, who think themselves good citizens, would be improved, if they should clean out their own drains, clear up their backyards, and sweeten their cellars. The historian Nehemiah indicates that the walls of Jerusalem were rebuilt by each one repairing that portion of the wall located "over against his house." The Chicago *Drummer* recalls the following humorous sketch:

At supper one evening Mr. Topnoody, after praising his wife's fine biscuits and good coffee, began to talk on municipal affairs, in hopes that Mrs. T. would take a hand, and she did.

"My dear," he said, "do you know the city is going to appropriate one million dollars to clean and repair the streets?"

"I did see something about an appropriation, or whatever you call it, and a man named Ingalls, but I thought it was something going on in Congress, or the Senate or Cabinet, or something."

"I believe so, but this matter is right here at home, and I'm glad to see the prospect of an era of reform and cleanliness, because we need it, not only in the streets, but everywhere else."

"Are you ready to do your share in cleaning the city, Topnoody?"

"Ay, that I am, ready and willing; more, I am eager to do my humble portion," and he swelled all up with municipal patriotism.

"Very well, then, Topnoody; go out there in the back-yard and begin. It's too dirty to think of, and I've been at you ever since last spring to help your poor struggling wife in her efforts to make your surroundings respectable."

"I like to see you men blow about cleaning the streets, when you leave your wives to paddle around in ferry-boats in their own back-yards!"

"They are all alike, Topnoody, and you are more alike, I believe, than any of the rest of them."

"Bah, at your street-cleaning and your million-dollar appropriations, when, if your wives don't make you, you wouldn't even put on a clean shirt oftener than once in three months!"

"I like to hear men talk, but I don't want to hear anything from you, Topnoody, until you've disinfected that back-yard!"

Topnoody is at present only a silent partner.

## The Manufacture of Beads.

Beads are largely made in Venice, where glass-making has always been a principal industry. It is said that the invention of beads dates from the thirteenth century, and is due to two Venetians, Miotto and Imbriani, who were urged to make experiments by the celebrated Vegetian traveler, Marco Polo. Under the Venetian Republic, and for some years after its fall, says our Consul at Venice, the exportation of beads had not reached the importance it has now attained. This was perhaps owing to the smallness of the furnaces and to the difficulty and length of the technical processes required for the composition of the paste. The Morelli, however, who in 1670 were the principal bead manufacturers, had four ships at sea carrying beads to the East on their own account, and they became so rich that in 1866 they entered the rank of Venetian nobility on payment of a sum of 100,000 ducats to the Republic. Since 1815 this industry has become so important as to give at the present time employment to about 15,000 persons. The traffic is carried on with all the world, but the principal exportation of beads is to the ports of Asia and Africa.

An extraordinary stimulus was given to this industry a few years ago by the prevailing taste for beads for trimming ladies' dresses. A great extension of the manufacturer took place, and the labor was paid so high that all who could do so gave up their usual trades for bead-making. But when the demand for beads declined most of the workmen who had been allured by fancy wages to the bead manufacture were thrown out of work, and compelled to return to their former occupations. Whatever be the cause, bead-making has always been the special privilege of Venice, in spite of all foreign attempts to manufacture this article elsewhere. The wages in glass works are for a first master about eight francs a day, for a second master four and one-half francs, and for the ordinary workmen from two francs to five francs a day. During the last five years the average annual exportation of beads has been 25,000 quintals, of the approximate value of 5,500,000 francs.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## Beat at His Own Game.

Last Wednesday, as the overland train was disgorging its passengers in the Oakland depot, a plausible looking young man walked up to a gray-headed granger, who was staring open-mouthed around him, and clasped him fervently by the hand.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Guffy?" "How did you know my name was Guffy?" asked the delegate from the foothills, much astonished and apparently oblivious that "Jas. Guffy, Ukiah," was painted in big letters on the valise he carried in his hand.

"Why, Jim, old man, you can't have forgotten me—Tom Saunders—your old friend. How are all the boys in Ukiah?"

"Glad ter see yer, glad ter see yer. I've got a powerful bad memory, but seems ter me I do remember yer face, somehow," said the granger.

"Of course you do. Coming down for a little look round, eh? All right—where do you put up? I'll meet you after dinner, and we'll take in the town together. Here's my address."

"God bless you, my boy," said the hayseed party, much affected. "Them's the best kind words I've hearn since I left home," and, with the honest impulse of his simple nature, the farmer took the young man in his arms and hugged him. Then arranging where to meet later, he shuffled along.

That afternoon the plausible young man was down at headquarters complaining that he had been robbed of his watch and pocketbook by a "boddler" got up as an old granger.

"There wasn't nuthin' particular in yer pocket-book," he indignantly explained, "and the watch was oriole, but I'm blessed if I want to be beat at my own game."—*San Francisco Post.*

## A Medieval Romance.

Hildebrand de Montmorency knelt at the feet of Yolande Vavesour.

"Lady, command me a duty to test my love," said the impassioned knight.

"Sir Hildebrand," rejoined the damsel, "often hast thou promised me to do deeds of high emprise in my name. Know that the King of Abyssinia has one fair daughter whom he guards from all the world. She has never seen the face of man, save her father and her brothers, for the King swears she is a pearl of great price, and that there lives no man worthy of her." The court-yard of her palace is guarded by five-and-twenty trained lions who read all intruders. In her seclusion this fair princess has learned a great secret. She knoweth how to do up her back hair without filling her mouth with hair-pls. I command you to travel to Abyssinia, learn her secret, and return to me ere yet a year passes." So saying, she gave her colors—a scarf composed of two shades of eorn, bound with tulle, shirred and cut bias—to the good knight, who thereupon set out on his quest.

Scarcely had the sound of the hoofs of the knight's palfrey died away in the distance when there arose from the neighboring pomegranate grove the strains of a melody of passing sweetness. Opening in 6-8 time, in C minor, the melody, after a series of arpeggios in B-flat major, was skillfully developed by the inversion of the dominant seventh and passed into A, whence, after a brief succession of mordents written in close counterpoint, it was taken up by a cadenza, and ended in one long-drawn resolution of six consecutive fifths, allegro assai, sforzando, sherzo, a meno mosso.

"By my halidom," said the lady, "an angel with his voice tuned to concert pitch could scarce sing sweeter than you strain."

Scarcely had these words passed her lips when Blondel, the minstrel, knelt before her, the opheleide, the favorite instrument of medieval minstrelsy, being drawn in a cart behind him.

"Lady, an' thou lovest me, such strains shall echo around thee all thy life, even though the neighbors should set up opposition with acclamations."

"Minstrel," rejoined the fair one, "thy songs are sweet and fair would I give thee the rich reward thou cravest, though I know many music teachers' wives have to live in extremely ineligible flats; but as I have set a task to the good Knight Sir Hildebrand de Montmorency, it is but fitting one should be assigned thee to test thy truth. Know, then, that there dwelleth on a high rock in the River Rhine, in Almayne, a maiden wondrous fair, who singeth a song that bringeth her lovers from afar and near. Woe to him who is drawn to the rock whereon she sings. She seizes him and carries him to her enchanted palace in the river's depths, whence he never appears. I charge thee, go to Almayne, transcribe this song. Be not lured by the Lorelei, but bring me back the authorized score of the song, with full orchestral parts. No pianoforte score with instrumental indications will be accepted at this shop."

"Lady," firmly answered the minstrel, "an I do not thy behest I were only fit to be librarian to a circus band," and after breathing out his soul in one impassioned cadenza on the opheleide, he departed on his way.

There lacked but a day of a year since the knight and the minstrel departed when they reached the castle gate again from the successful completion of their tasks. But, alas! their perils were in vain. The lady Yolande was wed to Sir Aldegonde de Treville. He had kept at home and invented ice-cream.—*Boston Transcript.*

## A Wall Street Story.

A good story is told in Wall street apropos of the recent activity in the Louisville and Nashville stock. W. Williams, who, with Rufus Hatch, has fought the Western Union through all the courts in creation, is largely interested in the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, of which he is also a director. He and President Baldwin are supposed to have lost a great deal of money during the drop. In any case, they assured their friends but a few weeks ago that L. & N. was the cheapest purchase on the list at 50. It has gone below 41 since, and, with all the forced recovery of the last few days, has barely seen anything like 50 yet. Williams had, besides his stock, a heavy line of puts at 44, and naturally squealed when he discovered that Jay Gould seemed deaf to any proposition as long as the Western Union suit was not discontinued. He did not seem disposed to negotiate with Williams, but consented some two weeks ago to have an interview with Baldwin, who had Williams' carte blanche to arrange matters. Everything seems to have been so satisfactorily arranged that it is even reported now that Gould is to enter the Louisville & Nashville Board of Directors. His shorts were covered with a large profit, and the suit is to be withdrawn. But here comes the hitch. "Bob" Sewell,